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THE

MORNING's SALUTATION:

Or, a Friendly

CONFERENCE

Between a

PURITAN PREACHER

AND A

Family of his Flock,

Upon the 30th of January.

By Mr. BUTLER.

Author of HUDIBRAS.

DUBLIN:

Re-Printed by Daniel Tompson in Cole-Alley, Castle-Street. 1714.

The Morning's Salutation:
OR, A
Friendly Conference, &c.

Preacher.

GOod Morrow to thee: how doſt do?
I only juſt call'd in to ſhew
My Love, upon this bleſſed Day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace, Peace, and Faith be unto thee
And all this choſen Family.

Husband.

My Soul does very much rejoice
To ſee thee, and to hear thy Voice:
I bleſs the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in Health as well as us,
And hope thou art diſpos'd to ſtay
A while, and comfort us this Day.

Preacher.

I think I ſhall not ſtay to Dine,
But the Lord's Will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good Wife? methinks I want
To ſee her, ſhe's a Pious Saint;
In Wedlock thou art truly bleſt,
Of Women ſhe's the very beſt.

Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband.

The Lord preserve her! here she comes,
Sh'as just been sweeping out her Rooms,
You must excuse her Huswife's Dress,
She's always doing, I profess.

Wife.

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a Stranger here.
I hope good Madam *Cant* is well,
And pritty Mrs. *Abigail*.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how blest shou'd I have been;
Tho' I'm asham'd, I must confess,
T'appear in such a homely Dress.

Preacher.

Thou'rt a good Woman, thou hast Grace
That best adorns a beauteous Face;
I think thy *Weeds* become thee well,
Thou wouldst not dress like *Jezabel*.
To tell thee truth, I've seldom seen
A Wife more lovely or more clean.
Give me thy Hand, thou fruitful Bride;
The Lord at all times be thy Guide:
How do thy little Comforts fare?
Those tender Twigs, their Parents Care?

Pray

Pray call 'em hither, let me bleſs
Thoſe pritty hopeful Babes of Grace.

Wife.

Here, *Aram*, come, my little Saint,
Where's your low Bow to Mr. *Cant*?
Daughter! Where art? Come hither *Ruth*
Fie, pull your Fingers from your Mouth.
Look up, my Dear, hold up your Head.
Where's your fine Court'ſy? There's my Maid.

Preacher.

Lord ſanctify theſe Lambs, and grant
That they thy Grace may never want:
Shew 'em thy ways, that they may be
A Comfort to thy Spouſe and thee;
The Lord ſufficiently hath ſhew'd
His Love to both in ſuch a Brood.
May they ſtill greater Bleſſings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe,
And as their Years encreaſe, inherit
A double portion of the Spirit.

Wife.

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may Heaven
Reward the Bleſſing you have given.
Rebecca, take my Cloſet Key
And fetch that Bottle unto me
Thy Maſter brought me home laſt Night
For Palm, and ſaid he knew 'twas right;

And with the Bootle pray bring in
A Glaſs, take care you waſh it clean.

Preacher.

I hope thou doſt not think that I
Drink Wine, except I'm ſick or dry;
I ne'er take any thing that's ſtrong,
One Glaſs I fear, will do me wrong,
E'en let it reſt upon the Shelf,
Thou'dſt better keep it for thy ſelf.

Wife.

Good Sir, vouchſafe, at my requeſt,
To drink this Glaſs, 'tis but a taſte,
It holds bot half a Pint at moſt,
Will you be pleas'd to have a Toaſt.

Preacher.

No, by no means, it I muſt take
So large a Doſe, 'tis for thy ſake,
Good Lord give thou a Bleſſing to it,
That when its down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wiſh it mayn't offend my Head,
May'ſt thee, at all times, for thy eaſe,
Abound in Comforts, ſuch as theſe.
'Tis a prime Cordial, I proteſt,
This ought not to be drank in waſte.

Husband.

Alas, one Glaſs, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm ſure a ſecond cannot harm ye,

Cold

Cold Weather does ſtrong Wine require,
Fill out, my Dear, ——— A little higher.
Pray give the Glaſs to Mr. *Cant*.
So long a *Walk* may make him faint.

Preacher.

Thou beſt of all good Women! hold
Thy Hand, conſider I am old.
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy Love is too abounding now.
Lord ſanctify this Cordial Juice,
And make it wholſome for our uſe.
Well! —'tis a comfortable Creature.
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your Love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

Wife.

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll ſtay and Dine,
Beſides, here's almoſt half the Wine:
Pray, Sir, accept, before you go,
Of t'other Glaſs, and don't ſay no.
And if you're not engag'd elſewhere,
Your welcome to our homely Fare.

Preacher.

Thou art ſo kind, I needs muſt ſay,
I ſcarce know how to go or ſtay.
What Dinner haſt thou, friendly Creature,
Alas, I'm but a pidling Eater.

Wife

Wife.

I muſt confeſs we have not dreſs'd
What's worthy of ſo good a Gueſt;
Yet 'tis a Diſh that we may ſay
Is ſuited to the preſent Day:
'Tis a Calf's Head, to tell you truth,
I wiſh ſuch Fare may fit your Tooth.

Preacher.

Bleſs me, the beſt and only Diſh,
Upon this Day, that I could wiſh.
No Food beſides could ſo delight
My Eyes, and eke my Appetite.
Good pious Saints, that you ſhould join
Your Hearts ſo mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other Glaſs,
I ſee that you abound in Grace,
The L—d of Mercy and of Pow'r
Hath bleſſings for ſuch Saints in ſtore.
I cannot bid ye now farewell,
Thy Invitation muſt prevail.
Methinks from Heav'n I hear a Voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

Husband.

None can more truly welcome be;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a Day of Joy and Mirth
Among the Saints that dwell on Earth.

This and the Fifth Day of *November*
We're always careful to remember,
Both which deſerve the utmoſt rev'rence
For our remarkable Deliverance.

Preacher.

'Tis very true, we ought to praiſe
The Lord upon theſe bleſſed Days,
And typify the Fall of him
That caus'd the Land in Blood to ſwim.
So good a Diſh, on ſuch a Day!
What Chriſtian can refuſe to ſtay,
But tho' I tarry here to Dine,
Pray do not ſend for any Wine.

Husband.

A little, Sir, — *Wife* ſend the Maid
For two of Palm and two of Red:
This Day we always drink, you know,
To th' Pious Hand that gave the Blow.

Preacher.

The Lord direct thee! Prithee do
What thy own Mind inclines thee to.
But I muſt crave thy leave to light
One Pipe to whet my Appetite.
When that is done we'll ſhut the Door,
And praiſe the L—d for half an Hour.

FINIS.